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# The Lone Ranger

## AND GERONIMO'S RAIDING PARTY

AT FORT APACHE  
INDIAN TERRITORY



HEY, DID YOU  
HEAR THE  
NEWS?

WE HEAR A LOT  
OF THINGS HERE  
IS THE LATEST?



CORPORAL DUNCAN TELLS ME  
THAT 'D' TROOP IS MOVING OUT  
IN THE MORNING. YOU KNOW  
WHAT THAT MEANS GERONIMO'S  
ON THE LOOSE AGAIN!



WHY DOES STEVE  
DUNCAN ALWAYS  
HEAR NEWS BE  
FORE ANYONE  
ELSE?

JAMIE  
CAPTAIN  
BACKER  
Tells 'em

WHERE GOES  
STEVE NOW  
HIDEING FOR  
THE CAPTAIN'S  
OFFICE



AT EASE  
CORPORAL



I HAD INTENDED TO IN-  
FORM 'D' TROOP THAT  
WE'RE MOVING OUT TO  
TRAIL GERONIMO. IT  
SEEMS THAT YOU SPREAD  
THE WORD ALREADY  
HOW DID YOU FIND  
OUT?

WELL SIR  
I--ER--  
JUST  
GUESSED  
IT

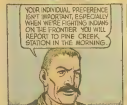
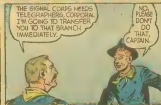


NOT FAR FROM FORT APACHE ---

WHOA, WHOA  
SILVER!

HO, SCOUT!











SIX OF 'EM! I HAVEN'T GOT  
A PRIMER TO GET OUT OF  
THIS ALIVE!



COME ON,  
SILVER!

GITTUM UP, SCOUT!



WHAT THE -- MORE INDIANS!  
NO ONE MUST BE AN OUTLAW,  
HE'S WEARIN' A MASK!



CUT OVER THAT WAY, TONTO! CLOSE IN  
FROM THE OTHER SIDE



WHITE DEVIL IN MASK! KILL HIM!



WELL, I'LL BE A MASKED OUTLAW  
SIDIN' WITH ME AGAINST THE REDSKINS



NOW, TONTO  
CLOSE IN!



UGH! HE DO IT!



THAT'S ENOUGH, THEY'RE  
RIDING AWAY. WHOA,  
SILVER



HO,  
SCOUT!













UGH HE BAD  
SOLDIERS  
BETTER WATCH  
CLOSE



UGH.



UGH



UGH.  
ME NOT  
LIKE IT.



GOOD IF  
YOU MEAN  
THAT, GER-  
ONMO, I'M  
SURE WE CAN  
COME TO  
TERMS



WHITE  
WARRIOR  
SPEAKS  
WISDOM.  
WE SMOKE  
PIPE OF  
PEACE.



YES, IF IT ISN'T  
A TRICK, I'M  
WORRIED ABOUT  
THOSE BRAVES  
THAT RODE OFF















MEANWHILE, AT PINE CREEK...

SINCE STEVE DUNCAN, ARMY SIGNAL CORPS, I'M SENT HERE TO TAKE OVER THE STATION. I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE THE KEY?

OF COURSE I'M DOC MASON. GLAD TO KNOW YOU, CORPORAL.



THE LAST OPERATOR, WE HAD HERE DIDN'T LIKE IT.



I CAN'T BLAME HIM FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN OF THE PLACE.

STILL NO ANSWER AT PINE CREEK.



HOW DO YOU THINK YOU'LL LIKE YOUR JOB HERE AT PINE CREEK, CORPORAL?

I'LL HATE IT. I WANTED TO STAY IN THE CAVALRY, BUT CAPTAIN BECKER SENT ME HERE.



MEANWHILE, AT STONE BLUFF--

STILL NO ANSWER FROM PINE CREEK. IF YOUR FRIEND DOESN'T GET THERE AND BACK BEFORE DAYLIGHT, THERE'S NO HOPE.



COME ON, SILVER!



OH, IF PINE CREEK WOULD ONLY ANSWER! IT MUST BE DISSENTED!



WASPED MAN GET THERE SOON YOU'LL FIND OUT.

ISN'T THAT YOUR SIGNAL CALL?

YEAH, I'LL--



MEANWHILE--

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

IT'S FROM STONE BLUFF. LISTEN-- SEND HELP QUICK! STATION SURROUNDED BY APACHES! GERSHMIT PRESCHOTT WILL AND--



WELL, GO ON WHAT ELSE?



THAT'S ALL, DOC. THE LINES GONE DEAD!



THAT MESSAGE WAS FROM LAURA PRESCHOTT. STONE BLUFF STATION IS SURROUNDED BY APACHES. SHE AND HER BROTHER WILL BE KILLED UNLESS--



I SAW YOU THROUGH THE WINDOW, DOCTOR WAGON. SO I STOPPED. HELLO, STEVE.

THE OUTLAW!





BACK OF US! THEY MUST'VE SNEAKED AROUND AND --

NO, THAT NOT APACHE. WE KNOW SIGNAL.

OH, THANK HEAVEN! IT'S THE MARKED MAN AND DOCTOR WAGON AND STEVE!

THE APACHES ARE MOVING IN WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!



HERE THEY COME! LET THEM GET CLOSE, AND MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!

COME ON, YOU RED DEVILS!



THEY'RE FIRING FLAMING ARROWS INTO THE ROOF!

OH-HH-

THERE GOES ONE OF YOUR BATTERIES, LAURA!

THE LINE IS USELESS ANYWAY. IT'S CUT ON BOTH SIDES



THEY'VE FIRED THE ROOF!

THIS TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR-- IS THERE A CELLAR UNDER HERE?

YES, BUT WE'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE.







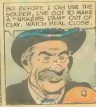




# The Lone Ranger

## AND THE RESCUE OF HANDY ANDY







WELL, I'LL BE -- COME ON.



HOW'LL WE GET 'EM TO THE RANCH?



I'LL THROW THE TANKER INTO HIS WAGON. MAKE THE KID DO THE DRIVING!

YOU CAN'T FORCE ME TO---



WANT TO ARGUE ABOUT IT, SHORTY?

NOT WITH A LOADED GUN 'I---

ALL RIGHT, I'LL DRIVE.

NOW YOU'RE GETTIN' SMART.



I'LL DRIVE THE WAGON IF I CAN HITCH MY HORSE ON BEHIND



JUST KEEP IN LINE. GUNNELL LEAD THE WAY. FOLLOW HIM. I'LL RIDE BEHIND 'EM!

IT'S ALMOST SUNDOWN, TONTO. DAN SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK BY NOW.



UGH!

WHY TAKE 'EM LONG TIME TO FIND 'EM-IT FELLER.



IF Y'N WANTA STAY HEALTHY, KID, YOU'LL KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD AND KEEP DRIVIN'.

COME ON- LET'S LINE OUT PER HOME.



MEANWHILE...

REIN UP, KID!

HEY, WHAT'S THIS?



YOU ASK FOR A HUNCH MAN, BOSS, SO WE BROUGHT ONE, WAGON AND ALL



YOU MEAN THAT KID? I NEED A MAN, NOT A SPROUT.



MAN - THE TINKER'S INSIDE THE WAGON. THE KID MUST BE HIS HELPER. THEY'LL WORK ALL RIGHT, WE'LL MAKE 'EM WORK!



YUH MEAN YUH HAD TUM HIT THIS  
TINSMITH ON THE HEAD TUM  
MAKE HIM TAKE THE JOB?

ONLY WAY WE COULD GET  
THE OLD COOT TO COME  
WITH US



HEY! WHAT'S THAT KID  
TAYIN' TO DO?



THE KID'S TRYIN'  
TO GET AWAY!

STOP HIM!



IT'S UP TO YOU, VICTOR - AND  
I SURE HOPE YOU MAKE IT!



ALL RIGHT, VICTOR! GO ON,  
BOY!



I'M NOT  
GOIN' TO --

STOP HIM,  
WAPPIN'!

YEAH!



FIGURED YOU'D  
VANMOOSE,  
EH?

YOU CAN'T KEEP  
ME HERE!

OH, YEAH?















WANT A MINUTE, DAN SOME  
BODY'S COMIN'... WATCH  
OUT!



PROP THESE DOORS OPEN, STUB,  
THE BOSS'LL BE HEARDIN' A HEAP O'  
HORSES IN HERE SOON.



YEAH!

NOW - WHERE'S  
THE HANDY MAN  
AND HIS KID  
HELPER?



THERE'S THE  
OLD GENE.  
THE KID MUST  
BE HERE, DO

I THOUGHT THE OLD COOT  
WAS FRAIN THIS TANK.  
WE'VE GOT TO HAVE  
WATER FOR A HUNDRED  
HEADS OF HORSES HERE  
TONIGHT.



CURLY  
TOLD  
M TO.

WATER FOR SEVEN  
HORSES, AIN'T THAT  
RIGHT, RUCK?



ANDY ANDREWS' WHERE'D  
YOU COME FROM?



THE PRISON YOU  
BRAMED ME INTO!

WHY-- YOU  
LOCO OLD  
BUZZARD--  
I'LL--



GO FOR YOUR GUN, RUCK,  
MASON, AND I'LL TALK  
THIS RON ACROSS  
THAT USEY WING O'  
YOURS!

STUB!  
GRAB  
IM,  
STUB!



I'VE GOT  
IM.

YUH DIRTY  
ONIAKIN'--

GOOD!



GOLLY, IF I WANT TO HELP  
ANDY, I'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT O' HERE



THE OLD GOATS  
LOCO--BUT DON'T  
HIT HIM, HE'S GOT  
TO FIX THAT  
TANK!

YEAH YOU GO  
AHEAD, RUCK  
I'LL SEE THAT  
HE DOES THE  
JOB!



GOLLY, I'VE GOT TO BRING HELP  
MOMENT. I SURE WISH THE  
LONE RANGER WAS HERE.

HO, SCOUT,  
WHAT MAT-  
TER, KEWO  
SABRY?

THERE'S SOMEONE  
ON THE TRAIL  
AHEAD WALKING  
THIS WAY!

IT'S DANNY!



GOLLY, AM I  
GLAD TO  
SEE YOU!

WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING  
YOUR BACK TRAIL FOR  
SEVERAL HOURS. WHAT  
HAPPENED, DANNY?

THE TINSNITH "HANDY ANDY"  
HE FIRED THE COPPER POT  
FOR ME. THEN TWO COW-  
PUNCHERS RODE UP. THEY  
HIT ANDY OVER THE HEAD  
AND MADE ME DRIVE HIS  
WAGON TO THE DOUBLE-A  
RANCH.



YOU SAY THOSE  
MEN ARE HOLD-  
ING ANDY IN  
A BARN AT  
THE DOUBLE-  
A RANCH?

I THINK THEY'LL  
KILL ANDY WHEN  
"BUCK" NASON COMES  
BACK WITH THE  
STOLEN HORSES.

AND WHAT'S  
MORE,  
I'LL BET...

HERE, RIDE DOUBLE  
WITH ME. YOU CAN  
FINISH THE STORY  
ON THE WAY TO  
THE RANCH.



HO, SCOUT! WHOA, SILVER! IS  
THIS THE BARN, DANNY?



ARE WE  
GOING  
IN?

YES, BUT I WANT YOU  
TO GO FIRST, AND RE-  
MEMBER WHAT I TOLD  
YOU.

THERE—THE BLASTED  
THING IS FIRED. IT'S  
A SHAME THAT NON-  
EST WORK IS HELPING  
YOU AND THAT THEY'VE  
RUCK NASON.

LISTEN, YUH OLD  
BUTLARD, I'M GONNA

HELLO,  
ANDY?

WHAT THE  
HIS? WHERE'VE  
YOU BEEN?













# LOST LAKES of the TEXAS RANGERS

by  
Carl  
Smith



By 1880, cattlemen were fighting for range along the eastern border of the Panhandle's Llano Estacado—the Staked Plains. Out of the vast and largely unknown stretches of plain and desert that separated frontier Texas from the settlements of New Mexico, came raiding Comanches to kill and steal—and disappear without trace into the west.

In the autumn of 1879, Captain G. W. Arrington brought the first Rangers to the Panhandle. Confederate soldier and guerrilla fighter, cowboy, soldier of fortune in Mexico and South Amer-

ica, Captain Arrington was a man of iron if there ever was one.

The tough cattlemen would have hunted down the Comanche bands with their own passes—if they'd known where to look. But the raiders simply disappeared, their tracks leading into a desert where it seemed that neither man nor animal could live.

Legend told of "lost lakes" in the forbidding, unexplored desert. Men had perished in the search for them, but Arrington determined to find them, since they were the only possible explanation of the disappearing Co

manche raiders.

From buffalo hides, Arrington fashioned slings that would carry a ten-gallon keg of water on either side of a pack mule. Leaving reserve supplies behind, at the Yellow House coves on the desert's edge, he set out with a force of ten men.

For two days the Rangers rode through a sea of sand. Desert mirages were the only break in the terrible monotony, and like voyagers on the sea, they traveled by compass. At last Arrington and his men rode toward a "mirage" that did not recede.

They had found the fabulous Lost Lake. At the edge of a dry salt lake's basin, water bubbled up—brackish, but drinkable. Cold ashes of Indian campfires were there, and also a story for those who could read Indian picture writing.

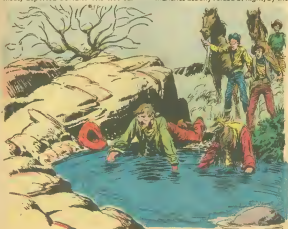
Stuck in the ground was the desert-whitened shoulder blade of some enormous, departed buffalo. The flat sur-

face carried a message in the picture language of the Indians—a message painted in the brilliant war pigments of the Comanches.

Arrington studied it: Camp among the trees . . . Indian moving into camp with baggage . . . tracks of shag horses following him. White man's horses! The meaning was clear to Arrington. The Comanches had fled the Rangers, and left this message behind to warn their fellow redskins so they would not allow themselves to be caught by the Rangers.

Indian pony tracks led off to the southwest. Arrington followed them and found four small lakes twenty miles from the first. But the Indians had gone from there, too. The Ranger captain decided to set an ambush and wait for their return.

The Rangers hid themselves among the sand hills near the first lake, posting a twenty-four-hour watch. The Comanches usually raided at night, by the



light of a full moon, and Arrington waited more than two weeks for the moon to come full.

A full moon waxed and waned. The Rangers remained hidden, creeping out only at night for water. Antelope could be seen, but they were not to be hunted for fear of warning off the wary Comanches, and the Rangers lived off their dwindling rations.

On half rations—then on quarter rations, the men grimly tightened their belts and waited. When Arrington finally ordered them to saddle for the ride back, they were gaunt with hunger. Then a norther howled down across the Panhandle.

Snow came with the norther. Before the day was out, it lay a foot deep. Numb with cold and weak with hunger, they struggled eastward. Once, when one of the horses collapsed, the frozen

rider had to be lifted off and tied to a mule.

Day and night they staggered eastward, all but exhausted. Clouds obscured the stars except for one low on the horizon, that guided them. Early morning brought them to the Yellow House caves, and a saddle frame was cut up for fuel.

A week later they were chasing rustlers a hundred miles to the south, the expedition to Lost Lakes entered in their records as part of the day's work. In the desert forty days, lying in hiding most of that time, they had ridden more than 800 miles. The Comanches, their secret discovered, gave less trouble thereafter. And today, in the New Mexico desert, a water hole bearing the name of Ranger Lake remains as a monument to the hardy Frontier Battalion of Rangers.





IN A FEW SECONDS THE TEPEES ARE EMPTY, IN SECONDS MORE THE TEPEES ARE STRUCK



ONE MINUTE AFTER THE CHIEF'S SIGNAL THE DOG -- TRAYDOR AND ALL -- LOADED -- READY TO GO!

GUARDED, FLANK AND REAR,  
BY WATCHFUL WARRIORS THE  
LONG LINE OF SQUADS AND  
TRAVELERS HEADS TOWARD THE  
RISING SUN.





MADE CURIOUS BY THE "WOLVES" STRANGE ANTIC, THE FOOLISH ANTELOPE APPROACH - FORGETTING DANGER..



ONE OF THE WAITING SIOUX PICKS UP HIS BOW.



SUDDENLY ARROWS WHIZZ INTO THE FRIGHTENED GROUP.



THOSE WOLVES ARE SIOUX WARRIORS!

OF COURSE! BE QUIET, LITTLE BUCK - UNTIL WE CAN CRAWL AWAY!



CRAWL BACKWARDS,  
LITTLE BUCK--TILL  
WE ARE SAFELY INTO  
THE TREES!

I WISH WE HAD  
STAYED WITH  
THE TRAVOIS!



UGH!

OOFF!



THESE ARE THE  
ONES, WALKING  
BEAR...

THE BOYS WHO  
KNOCKED UP OUR  
ATTACK ON THE  
HUNTING CAMP? GOOD!



FASTER, YOUNG  
ONES!

RUN WELL AND WE MAY  
SAVE YOU FOR RUNNING  
THE GANTLET--HA, HA, HA!



HERE THEY ARE, BLACK EAGLE--  
THE ONES WHO SHOT THE FIRE  
ARROWS AT OUR WAR PARTY A  
WEEK AGO!

WAUGH!



MY TOMAHAWK IS  
THIRSTY! YOU  
CAUSED MY BROTHER'S  
DEATH!

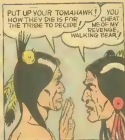
YOU TALK  
LIKE AN  
OLD WOMAN!



UGH!







BUT WALKING BEARS REASONING WINS. LOADED WITH ANTELOPE MEAT, THE BOYS ARE TAKEN ALONG.



REACHING THE SIOUX VILLAGE LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE BOYS GET THE USUAL PRISONERS' WELCOME.

ONLY ONE FACE IN THE SIOUX MOB SHOWS  
PITY FOR THE STRANGER BOYS



CHIN UP, LITTLE BUCK-

DON'T LET  
THEM THINK  
YOU  
ARE  
SCARED



IT'S GETTING DARK,  
YOUNG HAWK! SOON  
THEY WILL COME FOR  
US-HEAR THEM YELL!

YES! THE OLDER  
PRISONERS ARE  
RUNNING THE GANT-  
LET! AFTER THAT  
THEY WILL BE TIED  
TO STAKES!

BY THE LIGHT OF BLAZING BONFIRES THE CRUEL  
SPORT OF THE GANTLET PROCEEDS.



THEY'VE -- COME  
FOR US, YOUNG  
HAWK!

SHHH!  
IT'S LIGHTS  
FAWN-I HEARD  
FROM WALKING  
BEAR THAT YOU  
ARE VERY BRAVE!

I DO NOT WANT TO SEE YOU DIE! SO I AM  
SETTING YOU FREE WHILE THE OTHERS ARE  
BUSY WATCHING THE GANTLET!



IF WE ESCAPE  
WE'LL NEVER  
FORGET YOU,  
WHITE FAWN!



TAKE THE KNIFE,  
YOUNG HAWK!  
IT IS YOUR OWN!

MY KNIFE OF DRINKING  
STONE! - GOODBYE,  
WHITE FAWN - AND MAY  
THE GREAT SPIRIT  
PROTECT YOU  
ALWAYS!

IN THE NATCHEZ TRIBE  
CHIEFS AND QUEENS  
ALWAYS TRAVELED  
BY SEDAN CHAIR.



THEY KEPT COORN IN  
BUDS MUCH LIKE OUR  
OWN MODERN ORES.  
THE CONICAL ROOF WAS  
MADE OF HEAVY MATTING  
WITH A LOOSE FLAP FOR  
DUMPING OR REMOVING  
GRAIN.



THE DWELLINGS LIKEWISE  
HAD CONICAL MAT ROOFS  
AND CLAY WALLS.



SUN WORSHIP WAS THE  
RELIGION. A FIRE WAS  
KEPT CONSTANTLY BURNING  
IN THE TEMPLE BUILT  
ON AN ARTIFICIAL  
RECTANGULAR  
MOUND.





A Pownee Chief